

# Therapy

## The Damned

Plug me in straight again  
Who needs this voltage food  
Who needs therapy Who needs this filthy room at night  
Who says give up without a fight  
Who gets their answers out of books  
Dirty men with their dirty looks Therapy for clones with their Barclay cards  
Pension books and mortgage minds  
Pay for this therapy Who needs this filthy room at night  
Who says give up without a fight  
Who gets their answers out of books  
Dirty men with their dirty looks What d'you need in your room at night?  
Therapy? That's right  
What d'you get when you kill that light?  
Therapy? That's right What d'you get when it all goes wrong?  
Therapy? That's right  
Who needs therapy all night long?  
I do, I dream of pavements Of pavements cold and grey  
Cheerful, laughter on a lovely day  
I dream of pavements, they won't go away  
I dream of pavements

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